

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1886, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Mother: GOODNESS! YOU MUST KEEP ON YOUR FEET, JOHNNY.
Johnny: HOW CAN I WHEN THEY ARE IN THE AIR?





VOL. VII. FEBRUARY 25, 1886. NO. 165.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V. and VI. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

MR. CLEVELAND should remember that it was through the fear that Mr. Blaine would allow just such corruption as this Pan Electric business in his Government that led to the overthrow of the Republican party.

Attorney-General Garland is guilty of far worse "mistakes" than the offensively partisan clerk who had to go long since.

Consistency, Mr. President, is a jewel which seems to be missing from your diadem.

* * *

SECRETARY LAMAR'S scheme for an Indian penal colony on an island in the Pacific is not without its attractions in Geronimo's case, though perhaps it would be as effectual to buy that wily savage some trousers and a hat, put him up permanently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and contribute him to New York society. Geronimo in New York and Jacob Sharp on a reservation in Arizona, would each be so far from their natural grooves of crime as to be powerless. Why not exchange them?

* * *

GEN. HANCOCK is dead; Gen. Garfield is dead; Mr. Hendricks is dead; Mr. Arthur is invalidated for the present; Mr. Tilden enjoys fair health and keeps his faculties in a state of acute observation. It is better to be right than to be President.

* * *

A GREAT many people want to hear that Editor Watterson is not so ill as he is painted. Mr. Watterson does a great deal to make the globe gyrate, and when he is incapacitated he is missed.

* * *

DR. MCCOSH and Dr. Eliot have been discussing Religion in the colleges before the Nineteenth Century Club. Both have left upon their hearers and the public the happy impression that at Cambridge and at Princeton there is at least one pious man. The public is glad to know it. It will not be content to balance the assertions of the divine against the arguments of the professors; but, mindful

of the rule laid by the highest authority, it will try to judge the rival systems by their fruits.

Is Princeton or Harvard most productive of true religion? We have it on excellent authority that at Cambridge ten years ago it was not hard to find pious young men if only one kept away from the Divinity School. We are informed that the students at Princeton, in spite of their propensities for homicidal sports, are not absolutely heathen; though here, too, rumor tells of theological students who would rather play tennis than go to afternoon prayers. It may be that Princeton turns out bigger or better ministers than Harvard. We hope she does. We wish, indeed, that each might excel the other in this good work.

Both Dr. Eliot and Dr. McCosh recognize the usefulness of getting water into the horse. Dr. McCosh would come at his colts with buckets at regular intervals. Dr. Eliot is content to provide a pasture with convenient springs and streams for such as are thirsty. The ultimate question becomes: Does leading a horse to water excite his thirst? If he is not thirsty it is proverbial that he cannot be made to drink.

* * *

SOROSIS has been discussing whether men ought not to pay their wives and daughters salaries for attending to the duties ordinarily incident to those relations. Very likely they ought. Sorosis thinks so, though not unanimously. But it is idle to discover rights and duties the observance of which cannot be enforced. A wife or a daughter who wants a salary must be prepared to strike for it. If she cannot strike successfully she must take what is given to her. It would surprise this journal very considerably to learn that the average husband and father reserved any more of his earnings than the women of his family could spare. Sorosis may have had a different experience, but after all is not the whole matter included in the kind old woman's counsel, "Try not to marry a fool, dear?"

* * *

A NOBLE effort has been made to convince the Senate Committee on Patents that it is not just to compel honest workmen to compete in a market flooded with stolen goods. Let us hope and pray that Mr. Lowell and his eloquent colleagues have not spoken in vain, and that American authors may live to see the day when they have money enough ahead to pay the undertaker and buy a tombstone. All that keeps our literature alive in these days is its financial inability to provide itself with suitable mortuary rites.

Fit us to live that we may dread
The grave as little as our bed.

Life being thus made attractive to writers, literature must flourish.

THE SAINT AND THE WIDOW.

A FABLE.

THE good St. Valentine, I'm told,
The other day did make so bold
As to approach a widowed beauty
And try to win her back to duty.

(The Saint's idea of duty you
Will see at once was doubtless due
To habit, and to trains of thought
He had indulged more than he ought.)

But when the widow smoked his game
Quite frigid she forthwith became;
And eyeing him with mild surprise
Proceeded thus to moralize.

"Your Reverence will permit, I'm sure,
Plain speaking from a lady. Your
Good offices are out of date—
You really ought to dissipate

"The antiquated crotchet that
Your Reverence keeps beneath your hat,
Which makes you fancy Love is still
Considered *de rigueur*. You will

"Become a trial to your friends—
Why, can't you see where all this will end?
This—spooning—of your Reverence's
Will not meet every-day expenses.

"I fear 't would be indelicate
More clearly to adduce the late
Lamented Jack in evidence.....
You see, one must use common sense.

"I much regret to have detained
Your Reverence so long. I'm pained
To have monopolized the talking.
Allons! Are you not fond of walking?"

THE MORAL.

This fable iterates the is-ness
That saints don't make good men of busi-
ness.

Mark Mallow.

CUI BONO.

BOBBY was awake when his mother re-
turned home from the theatre at mid-
night.

"Did you say your prayers to nurse,
Bobby," she asked, "before you went to
bed?"

"No," he said, sleepily, "I forgot it."

"Well, you had better come and say them
to me now."

"What," said Bobby, in drowsy astonish-
ment, "does God stay up all night?"

CONSIDERATE.

Officer: EXCUSE ME,
MAM, FOR DISTURBING
YOU; BUT WILL YOU
PLEASE COME DOWN
AND PICK OUT YOUR
HUSBAND?





THE WILY ALDERMAN.

NOW the Alderman is seeking
A retreat,
Where there is no coplet sneaking
On his beat;
For this bad investigation
Shows he's bet his public station
On a private speculation
Rather neat.

THE *World* says that the resignation of Mr. Garland is merely a matter of speculation. It naturally would be.

THE Earl of Fife has given Mr. Gladstone notice that he'll have to change his tune on the Irish question if he expects him to continue to toot for the G. O. M.

IN NEED OF CHANGE.

THE dollar that's coined in the Mint,
Tra-la,
Runs short of $\frac{1}{2}$ of its "par."
Whom to trust the coin gives a hint,
Tra-la,
In pretty and legible print.
Tra-la.

But the trustee is rather too far;
And that's what we mean when we yell, with a squint,
Oh, bother the dollar that's coined in the Mint,
Tra-la-la-la-lala—Tra-la-lah, there, Mr. Evarts.
Oh, bother the dollar that's coined in the Mint.

THE rumor that T. DeW. Talmage and Sam Jones are to form a syndicate to write sensational sermons for weak-headed clergymen lacks confirmation.

AUGUST NEAPOLELYOZKONSZIZAUKA, a Pole, took out a marriage license at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the other day.

This gentleman should have his name set to music and sell it for a German opera.

IN early days there were no jails in Tulare County, California, and prisoners were secured by chaining them to trees.

The horse-thieves were securely fastened from the highest limb.

WE have received a slovenly-looking sheet entitled the *Non-Unionist*.

If this is a sample of the non-union printers' work, we agree

with the time-honored chestnut: "The Union must and shall be preserved."

IT will be widely believed in New York that the pretty American girl who has accepted Gumboil is much too good for his lordship.

MR. GARLAND does not know whether he would rather be a rhinoceros with an iron-clad skin, or a kangaroo—"those natural pockets are so handy!"

ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder, and it is doubtless on this account that so many men spend most of their time away from home.

THERE is no more lovely sight than a mother-in-law in her own home.

TRUTH goes naked, which is perhaps the true inwardness of truth's unpopularity in polite society.

EX-SHERIFF DAVIDSON bids fair to retain some connection with Ludlow Street Jail.
Probably as a guest.

THE recurrence of Washington's birthday reminds us that Republics, if not ungrateful, have at least strong tendencies toward forgetfulness.

A hundred years ago, before the novelty of having birthdays had worn off, George Washington was the idol of the American people, but to-day, alas!

He is known to fame chiefly as a gentleman who could n't lie, and therefore serves as a model to every child under sixteen years of age, who, because Mr. Washington was such an impossibly good person, hate him most heartily.

By children between the ages of sixteen and thirty, the atlases of the world of Anglomania, he is remembered as the father of his country, and his taste in choosing any other country than England for adoption is severely criticised. With them he is first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts undoubtedly, but there have been so many subsequent warriors, peacemakers and heart tenants that it almost sprains the modern intellect to recall anything about him save that he was some hideous nightmare, who was inconsiderate enough to remove what was English, you know, from our shores.

George Washington! Pah!
Long live George the Third!



"BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

HOW TOM AND MISS ELIZABETH CAME TO BE LATE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB HALL.

BOOT-BLACKMAIL.

DEAR LIFE.—We hear a lot about blackmail nowadays. When a man is accused of immoral conduct or of planning the murder of his daughter-in-law, he denounces the charge as an attempt at blackmail. In fact, it looks as if blackmail is to be used as a superior whitewash for a variety of sepulchres. But one of the worst forms of this criminal device remains unnoticed. I mean boot-blackmail. Persons ranging from five to forty-five years of age infest our streets, armed with deadly brushes and wooden boxes resembling infernal machines, and waylaying peaceable travelers, from whom they exact a five-cent tribute. Often they lurk in cellars or the recesses between buildings, into which they decoy the unwary pedestrian, then fall treacherously upon his boots and refuse to let him go until they have obtained the required ransom. These marauders, commonly known as boot-blacks, rely upon the same methods used by the recognized blackmailer. They publicly accuse reputable citizens of the crime of not having enough polish on their shoes, and, rather than suffer ruin in business and loss of social standing, the victims constantly yield to the demand for hush-money. The unblushing nature of the boot-blackmailer is apparent in the fact that even if you have your boots polished at one corner, the brigand on the very next corner does not hesitate to accuse you and hold your feet up to public

derision, hoping to levy the usual fine. This iniquity ought to be put down with a firm hand.

The latest development of the widespread system is, I am told, that a sort of bandit-king boot-blackmailer, having amassed wealth by preying upon the public, releases his prisoners on parole, giving them credit for an occasional "shine." Then he dogs their steps, and when he meets them at evening-parties in the best society, threatens to charge them with being in his debt, unless they at once pay him fifty cents or a dollar. Of course they yield. Although costly, it secures them immunity from assault on the street; for the king B. B.-M., through a perfect arrangement of spies, passwords and signs, warns his minions not to molest these paroled gentlemen. It is time for a reform. Let us strike at the root of the wrong by an anti-shining movement. Is the circumstance that a man's boots are stained any smirch on his character? Why is a conventional black lustre better than æsthetic mud-tints? Why does society insist upon so much glitter on a man's feet, when it makes no objection to his having an unpolished brain?

Yours, *A Sufferer.*

WHILE soldiers are contributing to the *Century* magazine, it is the season when the poor drowning coast-sailors contribute to the *Atlantic* monthly.

BOOKISHNESS

WIDOWS AS HEROINES.

THE widow is the reigning heroine in fiction. And with her reigns the clever man who has had a romantic and disappointing past, but is not averse to a more comfortable future. This combination can be found in three recent novels, "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Indian Summer," and "A Conventional Bohemian." It is the outgrowth of the new philosophy which bases everything on experience. As the Buffalo girl says in Mr. Howells's story: "I do n't think any young person can be interesting. * * * Oh, I like people to be *through* something."

As a reaction from the Boston type of heroine who had never been through anything except books, the widow with a more or less gloomy past is to be cordially welcomed.

* * *

IN Mr. Edmund Pendleton's story, "A Conventional Bohemian" (D. Appleton & Co.), the widow has no encumbrances, except some disagreeable relatives and friends. These (with the temporary resurrection, for dramatic purposes, of her husband, who was to all intents and purposes at the bottom of the sea) furnish the elements of gloom and anguish necessary for the intensely emotional novel.

* * *

THERE are, however, merits not a few in the book. The author has a rich and full command of words, a clear insight into certain phases of woman's character, an eye for effective situations, and some constructive ability. The story is diffuse but not dull. And in the end the long-suffering widow and the conventional but impulsive Bohemian are united.

It may be remarked, in passing, that in each of the three novels referred to the widow is gloriously triumphant.

* * *

NO work of fiction, however, is worthy of unreserved praise which is founded on exaggerated emotions and nothing more. In real life there is little attractive about the people who possess them. They are the outgrowth of disease and emblems of weakness, and open the gates to sin. The "luxury of emotion" is near cousin to the luxury of vice.

The deepest, truest emotion is combined with a strength of character that lifts it out of the morbid and intense region in which so many novelists revel.

The men and women whom we should admire in fiction, as we honor them in real life, must fill the ideal of the new philosophy, which is also the old—"self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control."

LIFE's apologies for the sermon, but the provocation is great.

Droch.

OLD NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND RESTORATION OF THE ENGLISH IN 1880.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEST INDIA CO.—PURCHASE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND BY MINUIT.



THE charter of the United New Netherland Company having expired, a new one was formed bearing the title of "The West India Company." Shares of stock were distributed amongst the capitalists of the period, and operations were begun at once.

A substantial Netherlander, Peter

Minuit by name, was sent over from Holland to negotiate for the sale of the whole island to the company.

The savages, of course, being a generous, whole-souled people, wanted to swap the island off for an old piece of sheet-iron, which Minuit had on board his vessel in lieu of ballast. The kind-hearted Dutchman, however, not wishing to deceive so confiding a nature as the owner seemed to possess, resolutely declined to take him at so great a disadvantage.

It was well for Minuit that he for once maintained his integrity, for upon the following day, May 3, 1626, he discovered that it was not the owner of Manhattan he had interviewed, but a New Jersey aboriginal, whose Elysian Fields the Company would n't have at any price.

This shows with what eagerness the natives adopted the methods of business introduced among them by European civilization.

Superintendent Minuit was exceedingly careful after this *contretemps*, and was fearful lest his predecessors in the missionary field had done too nobly, and that the red man had become as thorough and business-like a Christian as himself. A few days later, however, he met the real estate agent, who had the power to sell, and opened negotiations with him at once. He first made a thorough examination of the title in the Register's office, a ceremony which, owing to the fact that Political Science was yet in its infancy, and not so far advanced as it is to-day, was a comparatively easy one and of less expense than the value of the property in question.

He found, in the course of this examination, that, unknown to the Indian owners, the King of England had established a lien upon the land by right of his unquestioned sovereignty over the earth, which, in addition to a 40,000 clamshell mortgage held by a neighboring tribe and constituting the national debt of the place, were the only incumbrances upon it.

The owners, when they learned of the English claim, became so terrorized at the awful consequences—to England—of a bitter war, were glad to give Minuit a quit-claim deed to the earth for sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars. Minuit's innate honesty again came forward, and, modestly declining all right and title to all portions of the globe exterior to Manhattan Island, closed the negotiations by paying thirty guilders down and promising the rest C. O. D. The date of this memorable transaction was May 6, 1626.

The national debt was compromised for five oysters on the heap and a canoe load of tin cans.

England's claim was ignored, much to the chagrin of that nation, and various attempts were made to raise a war fund by charging bungeage on English beer; but this measure aroused so much internal strife that the Government had its hands full to keep itself in power, much less oust a Dutch settlement from its new acquisition.

So without any further opposition or expense the twenty-two thousand acres, comprising what is known as Manhattan Island, passed into the hands of the West India Company.

From the time of its investiture with authority the Company prospered, and declared such large dividends that it became necessary to keep in bounds of the law by increasing its capital stock. This was done, the Company became the colossal water power of the age.

So thoroughly well satisfied were the directors of the Company with the way in which Minuit had taken care of their interests and conducted their negotiations, that, there being a

slight deficit in the Company's surplus that year, the estimable Peter was appointed Governor of the New Netherlands in lieu of salary. They were still further actuated in making



ONE OF MINUIT'S SALARIED SQUATTERS.

this appointment by the fact that Minuit was from Wesel, and the old-time tradition concerning the sleeplessness of such an one lead them to believe that Minuit would be wide awake to his opportunities.

The Governor thought so, too, and unanimously accepting the office, before mid-summer had settled down to the routine of his Gubernatorial duties.

THE REASON.

I DO not love you for the pelf
Your father lavishly disburses;
'T is that you are, beside myself,
The only reader of my verses.

Ernest DeLancy Pierson.

TROUBLE IN SHANTYTOWN.

"TOP av the marnin' to yez, Mrs. O'Tool! An' is this yer day for resayvin', Oi'd know?"

"O-o-o-o! an' is that you, Mrs. Garrity! Sit down an' come in! An' it's glad Oi am to see yez! indade it is! An' how are yez shtandin' the cloimate this weather?"

"Och! it's doyin' Oi am! Phwat wid puttin' an me summer muslins an a Monday, an' thryin' to kape warm an top av a red hot shtove an a Chewsdlay, and thin boyin' oice av a Widnesday, it's kilt Oi am intoirely!"

"An' how's Dinnis, I'd know?"

"Dinnis is foinely; he's shtruck a job av wurrk over to the crematory an the Mount av Olives over ferninst Williams-burg."

"An' phawt 's he doin' there?"

"Milkin' cows an' makin' butther an' chaze, Oi suppage."

"An' phwat's allin' the goat? Niver a wunst did he offer to run at me whin Oi kim in!"

"Och! he's bin atin' some doynimite catridges phawt

they're afther usin' down at the quarry, an' he's bin low in his moind an' sollum-loike iver since."

"An' are yez givin' him anything to aise him loike?"

"It's afeard to mix dhrinks Oi am."

"Och! spakin' av dhrinks remoids me that ti-morrer is Washington's birthday!"

"And phwat are yez going to give him for a present?"

"Give who phwat?"

"Him as yez was spakin' av!"

"Oi do n't be afther knowin' him! Howly mother! an' how long have yez been in the counthry that yez never heard av him phwat owns the big markit down beyant?"

"Phwat markit?"

"Washington markit, to be sure! an niver a—Whoooror! there! Shtop atin' me cloak, ye baste!" And with that Mrs. Garrity gave the marauding goat a sounding kick in the ribs which was immediately followed by a terrific explosion.

After being placed in the ambulance Mrs. O'Tool recovered enough to say, faintly:

"An' is that you there, Mrs. Garrity?"

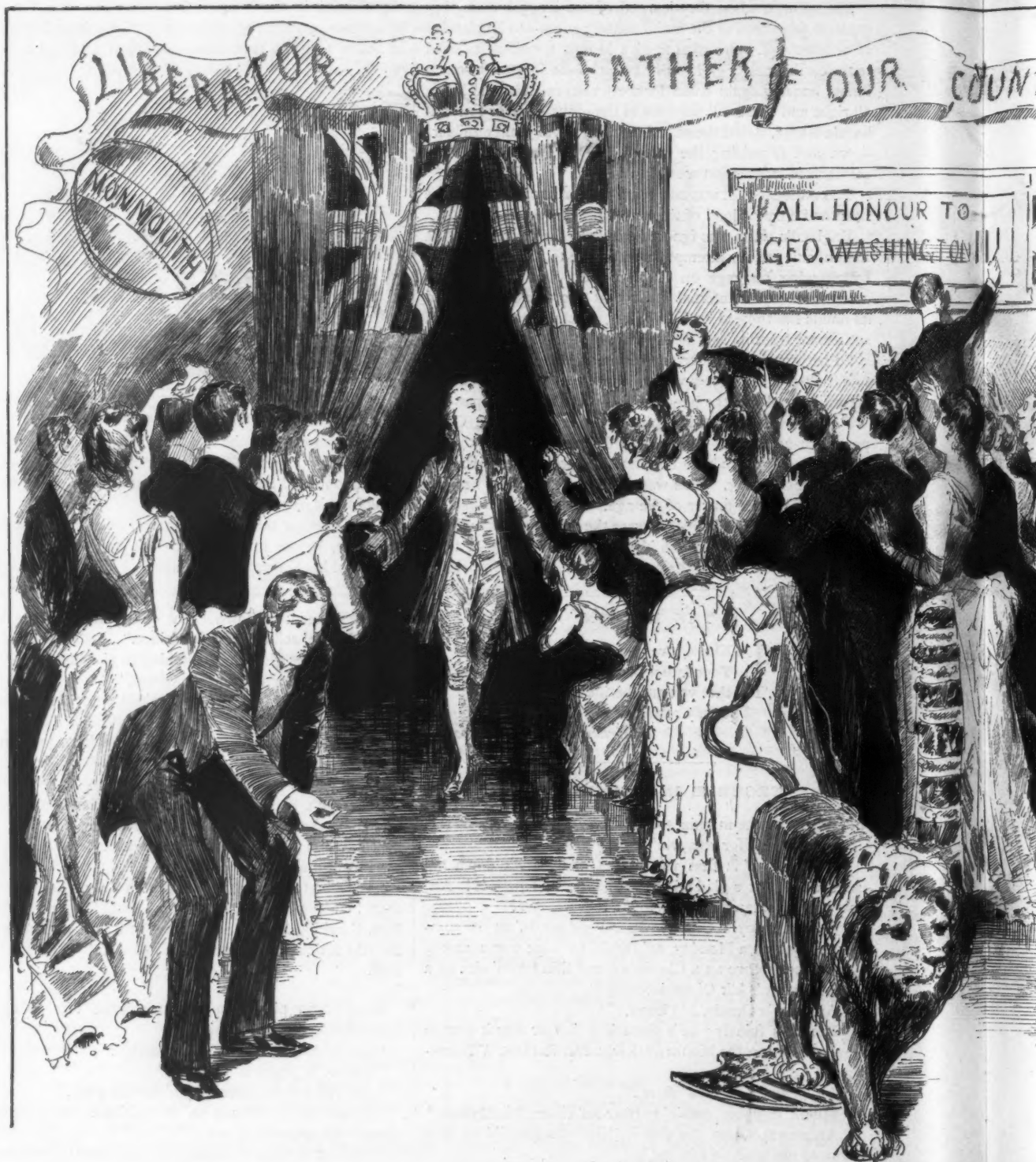
"Theere is pieces av me here."

"An' yez will be afther payin' fer the goat?"

"Indade an Oi will not, an' Oi will have yez up for kapin' dangerous wepins! Oi will!"

"Shut up in there!" shouted the ambulance surgeon, and then all was quiet on the Potomac.

Roland King.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

IT ISN'T ENGLISH, YOU KNOW



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.



AN ENTERPRISING PUBLISHER.

Publisher (at seance): I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU POSSESS THE POWER TO COMMUNICATE WITH SPIRITS OF ANOTHER WORLD?

Medium: YES, SIR.

Publisher: CAN TALK WITH ANYONE, I SUPPOSE?

Medium: OH, YES, SIR; ANYONE AND EVERYONE.

Publisher: WELL, I WISH YOU WOULD ASK HUGH CONWAY IF HIS ENGAGEMENTS WILL PERMIT HIM TO FURNISH ME WITH A SERIAL STORY AT ONCE, AND WHAT HIS BEST TERMS ARE FOR THE SAME.

SEASON OF HIBERNIAN OPERA.

SIGNOR BIGI MICKALINI, Impressario, desires to inform the Irishstocracy that, following the present season of the German and American, there will be a series of one subscription nights of Hibernian opera, commencing March 17th.

Madame SHAUGHNESSI, Soprano.

Mlle. BRIDGETTA O'HOOLAHANI, Contralto.

Signor PATSI GILHOLINI, Tenor.

("The silver (dollar) tenor").

LE GRAND HURROO, Basso.

AND

A "Come-all-ye" chorus of one hundred trained voices.

Mlle. MARIANN MCCARTI,

Prima Danseuse,

From the Castle Garden Theatre, New York.

AND

A full *corps de ballet*, from Ballyhoo,

Ballyshannon, Ireland, in a

grand *divertissement*

entitled:

"*The Peri and the Politician.*"

REPERTOIRE.

The Flying Englishman,

L. Owen Gwinn,

Carmen (3d ave.),

The Bride of Larry O'Moore,

Il Copper,

Lucretia Begorra, etc., etc.

Celtic Librettos can be purchased at the box-office. Ushers will place a can of dynamite under the chairs of all detected reading unauthorized editions.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

Orchestra stall, including bar privilege and services of usher and ticket-taker	\$1 00
Heeler (late <i>meszanine</i>) boxes, each	1 50
Family circle	One week's soap-fat money.

Ambulances may be ordered for 11 P. M.

W. P.



THE Casino is evidently turning over a new leaf, and the novelty, weirdly surprising as it may seem, is war, bloodless but vigorous, against tights. The topical song rendered by Mr. Francis Wilson in the "Gypsy Baron" announces this fact with glib suavity, and throughout the whole performance the most thrilling decency is to be remarked in the costumes.

Of course this state of things is very delightful, and the innovation comes at a time when something of the sort is absolutely necessary. But the lack of tights should be atoned for either by extra humor or increased talent, in order that the audience should not feel too bitter; and at the Casino both these requisites seem to be unusually wanting.

Strauss, whose delicious dance music has been noticed by nearly all the modern novelists dealing with "dreamy waltz measures" and "rhythmic cadences," wrote the score of the "Gypsy Baron." I forget who penned the libretto. I will try to refrain from remembering.

The basis for nearly all the humor to be discovered in the Casino production is hogs. There may be money, there may be domesticity, and, referring to Ireland, there may even be companionship in hogs. But they are not *chic*; they are far from suggestive of daintiness or delicacy, and,



He: BLAME OLE FUT MOS' SETS ME WIL' AT TIMES SINCE I FROZED IT LAS' WINTAH.

She: DATS GOOD SIGN IT'S GWAN TER THAW.

He: GWAN TER THAW? RIDICKLUS! DOES YO' TINK IT TAKES A PUT A HULL YEAH TER THAW OUT? 'PEA'S LIKE YO' GITTIN' MO' CUR'OUS DE OL'ER YO' GROWS.

if experts are to be believed, they are anything but wholesome.

Francis Wilson represents *Kalman Tzupan*, a hog dealer, and offers to exchange his daughter for six of the animals. This is convulsingly amusing enough in its way, but it is a Bowery sort of a way. Mr. Wilson indulges in broken English accents, which he adopts with difficulty and discards with pleasure. He interlards his lines with German phrases, and the effect is not agreeable.

Mrs. Victoria Schilling appears, during Miss Pauline Hall's illness, as *Saffi*, a gypsy girl, and her song in the first act is charmingly given. It is the redemption of Act I. from hopeless mediocrity, and on the opening night justly called forth an enthusiastic encore. Of course Mrs. Schilling cannot act. How could she? But there is something extremely refreshing about her demeanor, contrasting it with that of Miss Billie Barlow, Miss Mae St. John, Miss Georgie Dickson and Miss Letitia Fritch. Her voice speaks of the drawing-room, and refinement is never amiss, even in a comic opera.

William Castle as *Sandor Barenkay* is terribly stentorian. He simply bellows forth his songs, evidently imagining that the part calls for such vocal energy. On his sincerity he is to be congratulated, but if the opera should run for one hundred nights, he will probably find that it does not pay.

The music of the "Gypsy Baron," with the exception of Mrs. Schilling's song and the concerted number at the end of the first act, is not particularly fascinating, and it is not probable that the summit of modern operatic ambition, which is generally reached when messenger boys are heard whistling popularizing the melodies, will be attained.

The scenes representing "A gypsy encampment," "Ruins near the River Temes," and "A public square in Vienna," are exceedingly pretty, and on the production altogether Mr. Aronson has spared no expense. The "Gypsy Baron" is said to have met with much success in Vienna. Austrian and American tastes, however, are not very conspicuously allied.

Alan Dale.

LOVERS of old English comedy, and they seem to be numerous, are enjoying a festive season at Daly's Theatre. These plays are presented with a life and delicacy that leave little to be desired. "The Country Girl" and "A Sudden Shower" fill the bill at present.

THIS is the last week of Mr. Lawrence Barrett's engagement. We hope there is truth in the rumor that this scholarly actor is going to take unto himself a theatre of his own.

A NEW YORK scientist claims that he can inoculate a rogue with blood from an honest man and make an honest man of the rascal. He has almost given up in despair his search for a man to furnish the blood for an experimental case.

WHY is the promenade fare on the Brooklyn Bridge like an advance agent? Because it is one cent a head. (All rights reserved.)



NEW OVERLAND EXPRESS—NO STOPS FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA—FIFTEEN HOURS SAVED—SPECIAL CARS.

"As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

—Gin Mill Idyl.

IN these luxurious days nearly all the requisites for comfortable living can be found on wheels. We have boudoir cars, buffet cars, parlor cars, drawing-room cars and sleeping cars. A man can board a train on the Atlantic coast and not have occasion to get off until he has reached the Pacific coast.

But with all our present advantages, further improvements are contemplated; and the proposed new overland train—to be called the World-on-Wheels Special—will be another step towards the comfort of travelers.

This train, beside the usual well known special cars, will have new ones, which will represent the latest swelling of the Railroad Bump on Man's cranium.

First there will be



THE GARDEN-SASS CAR,

under the charge of gardeners from the hotbeds of Europe. This car will be kept in a high state of cultivation, ensuring to passengers fresh vegetables at each meal, including corn in the ear, corn on the cob, and mushrooms raised while the car is in the tunnels.

Next will be



THE BARN-YARD CAR,

stocked with prize cows, prize pigs, and honorary-mention poultry. Thus, although the train will not stop 'twixt the Atlantic and the Pacific, warm morning and evening milk, spare-ribs, and fresh eggs can always be had. This system of fresh farm products will ensure the most wholesome food, and tourists, as they whizz past the home of the Railroad Sandwich, can place their thumbs at their noses, and waive their fingers aloft in accordance with a well-known combination of contemporary life.

Running directly behind these, and supplied in all seasons

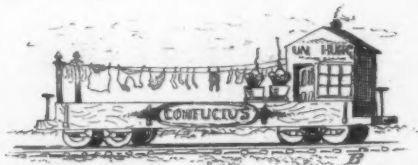
with necessary adjuncts for its proper use by travelers, will be found



THE LYCEUM CAR,

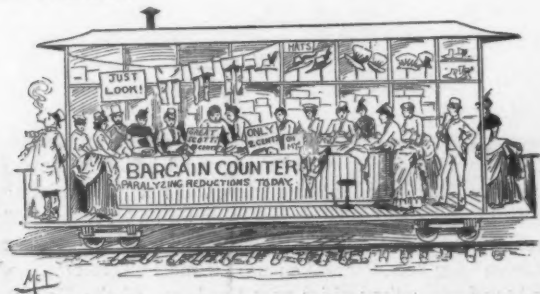
which will be used for lectures, stereopticons, theatricals, ratification meetings, raffles, dog fights, fairs, roller skating, and the many other modes of evening amusement. Some one can always be found to occupy the stage, even for Wednesday matinees; and if any ticket speculator presents himself, he can be transferred to a slow freight train going the other way. We call attention to the sunset gun, on the roof. This, fired amid the reverberating Rockies, will make timid travelers think that not only the sun, but the whole solar system has set.

Following these will be coupled



THE LAUNDRY CAR,

conducted by Un Hung, or some other Yangste Yankee. Each passenger can, if he chooses, change his linen every half hour (tunnels excepted), and have his washing dried in the *glo-rious* climate of Califor'ny! A coupon laundry-book will accompany each R. R. ticket, allowing for shirts between New York and Hoboken; and one between Chicago and San Francisco.



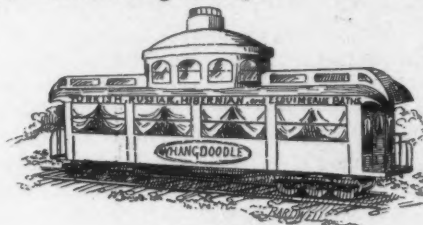
THE YANKEE-NOTION CAR

will remove the *ennui* of the lady passengers, by enabling them to shop while *en route*; and purchase remnants on the prairies, or among the cañons.



THE LAWN TENNIS CAR

will enable the young to while away the hours, and get the benefit of outdoor exercise among the Sierras. Rate, per game, \$15.18. Games played while passing through tunnels, 75c. each. Snow storm games, 13c.



THE BATHING CAR

will afford a chance to remove the soot and cinders that have sifted through to the bones. A clean skin will make the passenger feel so frisky that he will be permitted to jump off and on the rushing train to exercise his renewed vitality.



THE DIVORCE DRAWING-ROOM CAR.

Finally we will have the above, for the special seclusion and comfort of mis-mated mates, *en route* to the great divorce belt of the Northwest.

This car will be dropped at Chicago, and switched on to a turntable. It will then be made to revolve three times, which act, according to *Blackstone* in "Every Man His Own Judge" (see 9, pp. 1,317) shall constitute a legal separation for all the passengers within.

A complete law library (on divorce rulings, etc.), will be found over the water cooler. A telephone will connect with the engineer, thus enabling timid dames to frequently ask if a cow can be seen on the track.

Unkind reader, what does all this mean?

It means that, if you are alive at the close of the next century, you will have witnessed strange things!

A thousand die in houses to one that meets death by railroad accident. Which mode of living is safer?

Wallace Peck.



THE following appears in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* of last Sunday in memory of a man whose death-notice says he was twenty-three years of age:

AN ACROSTIC—TO WILLIE.

Willie is not dead, but laid to rest,
In heaven's brightest skies;
Laid, where God will him carress;
Love, as none others can, his prize.
If in heaven you wish to meet me,
Every day pray the Virgin litany.

Low and sweet were his words from heaven,
A message to mother, do n't cry!
Came three knocks—a request was given,
Oh! mother, to tell you my last good-by.
Up to his Heavenly Father, to be our guiding star,
Repeating as he ascended, Pa, pa, pa.

WM. HENRY HURLBERT, in a letter to the *Sun*, tells how the French capitol was lately enlivened by the neat repartee of a fair daughter of the West. The hostess, criticising a compatriot, loftily observed: "She is a pretty girl, but she lacks style and what I call 'grand damishness,'" to which instantly rejoined the young lady: "I prefer the lack of that to your 'damgrandishness.'"

"BY ALL ODDS THE BEST NOVEL OF THE SEASON."—*Baltimore Sun*.

AFTER HIS KIND:

By "JOHN COVENTRY." 16mo. Leisure Hour Series, \$1.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN says of it:
"A picturesque tale—and unique. As to the nativity of it's author, one is tossed like a Liverpool packet back and forth between the two Atlantic shores of doubt. Probably no other living man could have written the book, and no dead man save W. M. T."

R. H. STODDARD in THE MAIL AND EXPRESS says of it:
"The characters are clearly and sharply individualized; the descriptions of scenery are fresh and picturesque; and the customs of the country population are painted with a loving hand."

OBLIVION:

An Episode. By M. G. McClelland. 16mo. Leisure Hour Series, \$1.

"So freshly and delicately outlined as to give it the charm of an idyl. * * * So touches the sympathy of the reader that the conclusion comes as a positive pain."—THE NATION.

HENRY HOLT & CO., Publishers,
29 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

ALFRED T. CARROLL
Tailor
and Importer
166 SIXTH AVE.,
TWO BLOCKS BELOW FOURTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.
Correct Styles, Exclusively the Finest.

SNOBISHNESS.

A YOUNG lady from Tennessee, a cousin of the late President Polk, visited friends not many miles from St. Paul last summer, according to the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*. Her relationship with the deceased President was generally commented on during her stay. Her visit ended, and, as is customary, she made her parting calls. Among others, she called at the house of a young lady who failed to fall in love with the young lady from Tennessee, and, finding the ladies of the house out, left her card, which contained the letters "P. P. C." The envious young lady, on returning home, picked up the card and, scanning it, said: "She does try to put on lots of airs, simply because she is related to a President. Just think of it, P. P. C.; President Polk's cousin."

DID N'T WORK.

A RECENT lesson in the Sabbath-school was on the death of Elisha, and when one of the scholars came to the clause, "They buried him," the teacher asked: "Why did they not cremate him? Do you think there is any encouragement in the Bible for cremation?" "No encouragement whatever," was the reply. "They tried it on the three that were cast into the fiery furnace, and did n't make it work."—*Ex.*

NOT long since, a Bridgeport lady relates, she was riding in a Brooklyn street car, in which a drunken man was making himself very numerous. After telling the conductor a dozen times or so where he wanted to stop, the inebriated individual at last seized the bell rope and pulled so vigorously that the bell rang at both ends of the car. "What che doin'?" growled the conductor; "what-che-ring both bells fer?" "Cuz, cuz, I-er-want, er-hic-both ends thish car to stop' o'course," was the reply.—*Waterbury American*.

NEW BINDING FOR
· LIFE ·
In Maroon and Gold, to be ready in a few days.
Same prices. \$5 per vol.



CELEBRATED HATS

AND
LADIES' ROUND HATS.
178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.
and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.,
New York.

Palmer House, Chicago.
914 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

KRAKAUER

LADIES' TAILOR,

HABIT MAKER
AND
HATTER,

19 EAST 21ST STREET,
NEW YORK.

London & Newport.



Will, as last year, in order to keep his large force of skilled hands fully employed, MAKE ESPECIALLY

LOW PRICES

From date to February 15th next.
N. B.—All garments made at reduced prices to be embraced within the above period.

PRIESTLEY'S SILK WARP HENRIETTAS

Are easily distinguished by their softness and beauty and regularity of finish. They are made of the finest silk and best Australian Wool, and are the most thoroughly reliable goods in the market.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.
Lundborg's Rhenish Cologne.



"The most noted firm of Ladies' Tailors in the world and (be it said) the most Original."—Extract Court Journal.

SPECIALITIES

WALKING, TRAVELING, TENNIS, YACHTING,
SPORTING, COACHING

Suits, Coats, Mantles and Hats.

26 CONDUIT ST.,
LONDON.

210 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

240 RUE DE RIVOLI
PARIS.

41 HIGH ST.,
COWES.

1132 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The Chocolate Girl.

Possibly most of the people who are familiar with the picture of the chocolate girl, used for so long as an advertisement, think it a creation of some artist's fancy. On the contrary, it is a portrait, the portrait of a very pretty Viennese woman, and has a romantic story attached to it. It seems that some years ago a young German student of noble birth fell in love with the pretty chocolate girl who served him with this delicious beverage in a Vienna café. She was a respectable girl and he an honorable gentleman; and he married her. He felt proud of her humble origin, and had her portrait painted by a famous German artist in the picturesque costume she wore when he first met her; and this portrait is now among the most valued art treasures of the government.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

YOU can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. Rich S. Rosenthal's celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms, \$5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal Terms to Teachers.

Meisterschaft Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Box 2275.



ESTERBROOK'S SUPERIOR, STANDARD, RELIABLE.
STEEL PENS.

For Sale by all Stationers.

REDFERN

LADIES' TAILOR

210 FIFTH AVENUE

AND

1132 BROADWAY,

(NEXT DELMONICO'S),

NEW YORK.

SPRING SEASON, 1886.

MR. REDFERN is now prepared to show his new and ORIGINAL designs in Gowns, Coats, etc., for the ensuing season—the cloths employed by him being either made by or exclusively for his Firm, present an individuality not to be obtained elsewhere.

"LIFE'S VERSES!"

Composed of the best poems, selected from "LIFE," beautifully bound and illustrated. Cover in colors. The daintiest book ever published. Price, \$1.50, postage paid. Also,

"THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE."

Second Series. Price, \$2.00. Send remittance by check to order of

"LIFE," 1135 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



SERKYS' TEA.

GUARANTEED THE GENUINE SERKYS
DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT.

It is composed of aromatic herbs and flowers, and celebrated for its wonderful health-giving virtues. It is the best tonic sedative and beautifier of the complexion in the world. It removes all pimples and skin eruptions and is acknowledged a specific against Dyspepsia and Bilious Disorders, Kidney, Malarial and Nervous Complaints; also in suppressed troubles peculiar to women. Gives instant relief. Invaluable for producing refreshing sleep. Ask your druggist for it. Price 50c. and \$1 per box.

Serkys' Tea Company, No. 54 West 23d St., and Vantine's, 877 Broadway, N. Y.

For the THROAT and NERVES.

CURE SORE THROAT, NEURALGIA,
NERVOUSNESS, HEADACHE,
COLDS AND SLEEPLESSNESS.

A Benefit to Vocalists, Actors and Elocutionists.

PRICE 50C. A BOX, AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL.

ALLEN COCAINE MANUFACTURING CO.,
1254 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Leading Nos. 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.

Warehouse: 26 John Street, New York.

HENRIETTE FRAME,

ROBES and MANTEAUX,



Solicits an inspection of some very beautiful designs for evening dress, wraps and Street Costumes, selected during her trip abroad, suitable for Fall and Winter. Out of town orders receive special attention. Perfect fit guaranteed on receipt of measurement.

232 West 22d Street,
NEW YORK.

R. MOSER,

932 BROADWAY,

NEAR 22D STREET.

GLASS

&

CHINA.

OWN FACTORY,

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST DISPLAY OF
GLASS AND CHINA IN AMERICA.

SOLE MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

Of the New Carlsbad Jewel Ware.

FACTORY PRICES.

R. MOSER.

COMMON SENSE BINDER FOR BINDING

• LIFE •

Cheap, Strong and Durable,

Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part of
the United States for \$1.

Address office of "LIFE," 1145 BROADWAY, N. Y.



INSPECTION IS INVITED TO OUR SKATES, THEY ARE THE BEST MADE.—FROM 25c. TO \$5.00.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, and 108 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

BOUCHE

Champagne "SEC"

To be had of all Respectable Wine Merchants and Grocers.

LIFE



"SATIN" STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES

Have at once come into popular
favor because of their Super-
ior Excellence.

14 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.



Jardinieres and Window-boxes
filled with flowering plants.
Fresh Cut Hybrid Roses, Lily of
the Valley, Violets and other
varieties constantly on hand.

CARL BEERS, FLORIST,

No. 297 FIFTH AVENUE, next to cor. 31st Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Ave.

OPEN FROM 11 TO 12. SUNDAYS 1 TO 12.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

Miss MARY ANDERSON as "Galatea."

Miss HELENE DAUVRAY in "One of Our Girls."

Concerts Afternoon and Evening by the

ORIGINAL EDEN MUSEE ORCHESTRA.

Admission 50 cts. Children, 25 cts.

"AJEEB," THE MYSTERIOUS CHESS AUTOMATON.

DALY'S THEATRE. BROADWAY & 30th St.

Under the management of MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

EVERY NIGHT AT 8.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

SHAKESPEARE'S MERRIEST COMEDY.

"Emphatically worth seeing."—Com. Adv.

"A rare pleasure."—Tribune.

"Received with enthusiasm."—Herald.

Fisher, Lewis, Drew, Skinner, &c., &c.

Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher, &c.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave. and 23d Street.

JOHN RICKABY, Manager.

Evenings at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

MISS HELEN DAUVRAY

AS

"KATE SHIPLEY"

in Bronson Howard's Society Comedy

"ONE OF OUR GIRLS."

Supported by her own comedy company.

STAR THEATRE, Monday, Feb. 15.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Monday and Tuesday, February 15th and 16th,

Last Nights of HERNANI.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday Evenings

and Saturday Matinee,

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

Monday, Feb. 22. JULIUS CÆSAR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL CONCERT TO

EMMA C. THURSBY,

assisted by Herr Elot Sylva, Herr Joseph

Staudigl, Mr. Richard Hofman, the Danroch

Orchestra and Walter Damrosch. Tuesday evening, February 23d,

at Eight o'clock. Seats (all reserved) from 50 cents

to \$2.50, now ready at Schirmer's, 35 Union

Square, and at Brentano's.

ADVERTISERS can learn the cost of any proposed

line of Advertising at Geo. F. Rowell & Co.'s News-

paper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

Send 10 cents for 100-page pamphlet.

PROF. FOREMUS ON

TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure
soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially com-
mend to ladies and to the community in general
the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet
soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality
of stock, and contains a LARGE
PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE;
therefore it is specially adapted for
Toilet, Bath and Infants.

Eeckelaers' Toilet Soaps

In calling the attention of the public to this
line of Fine Toilet Soaps, manufactured by L.
Eeckelaers, of Brussels, we confidently recom-
mend them as being

Unrivalled both in Quality and Perfume



By any Soaps now offered, either of home or
foreign manufacture. All we ask is one trial,
which we are satisfied will convince the most
fastidious.

The following are especially recommended:
BOUQUET OF VIOLETS, OPOANAX,
WOOD VIOLETS, JOCKEY CLUB,
WHITE ROSE, ROSE BABY SOAP.

E. FOUGERA & CO., N.Y. Agents.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR.

Is the only ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
preparation for hair wholly or partially gray.
It produces every shade, from the lightest ash-
en, gold, blonde, chestnut and auburn to brown
and black; leaves the hair clean, soft and
glossy; does not stain the skin; is immediate
and lasting, also odorless; is equally desirable
for the beard. Turkish or Russian baths do not
affect it. Price, \$1 and \$2. Ask your druggist
for it, write for descriptive circular, and send sample
of your hair when ordering. General Depot, 54 West 23d St.,
New York. IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR CO.

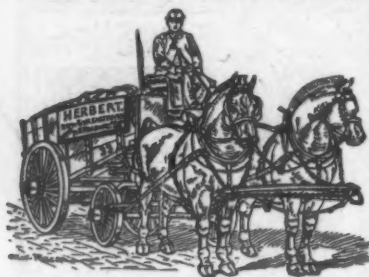




F. SCHWAPPE & CO.

Having established the reputation throughout Great Britain as manufacturers of the Purest Mineral Waters, we offer to the American public our Unrivalled Soda, Carbonated Lemonade, Petass, Seltzer, Lithia, Quinine Tonic and Ginger Ales, sweet and dry. Send for price list to 50 and 52 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, L. I.

By special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and all the Royal Family.



Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Co.'s COAL at Retail, any part of New York City. H. L. HERBERT & CO. Coal Office, 71 Broadway. Yards, 20th St., E. R., and 53d St., E. R.



SMALL STEAM YACHTS. Steam Launches, Marine Engines and Boilers, and Propeller Wheels. Send for free Illustrated Catalogue. CHAS. F. WILLARD & CO., 282 Michigan St., CHICAGO.

Cavanagh, Sanford & Co.,
Merchant Tailors
and Importers,

16 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

MAKERS OF

THE **G & S** SHIRT
PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.

RUINART CHAMPAGNE
VIN BRUT
MARÉCHALE-BRUT
MARÉCHALE-EXTRA DRY
ROOSEVELT & HOWLAND.
55 & 57 BEAVER ST. N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
TULIUSHALLER
MINERAL WATER
UNITED STATES & CANADA



The most perfect, easiest adjusted and strongest Skate made. These same fastenings have been used on our celebrated Ice Skates for the last 13 years, and given entire satisfaction. Don't buy your Holiday Goods until you have seen our new catalogue, 300 large pages, 6,000 illustrations, of all out and indoor games and sporting goods of every description, for old and young, and all the latest novelties. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 25 cents. PECK & SNYDER, 128, 128 & 130 Nassau St., N. Y.

GEO. MATHER'S SONS
PRINTING INK
60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.
THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH
OUR SPECIAL · LIFE · INK.

THE UNITED STATES
MUTUAL
ACCIDENT ASS'N
320 & 322
BROADWAY · NEW YORK ·

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
ALWAYS IN ORDER.
At once the simplest, surest and most durable window curtain fixture. Does not interfere with window draperies. Carries shade easily to top of window. Often imitated. Never equalled. See that "HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLER" is plainly stamped on each roller. Sold everywhere by the Trade.

STEWART HARTSHORN,

FACTORY, E. NEWARK, N. J.

486 Broadway, New York City.

THE WINE OF THE PEERAGE
Perrier, Jouët
Champagnes.
Fruity,
Dry,
Dry Special,
Brut.
DuVivier & Co.
49 BROAD ST.
N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS.
U.S.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN BUSINESS.
We offer our well-known reliable brands
AT MODERATE PRICES.

Sole agents for the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. True Champagne at \$13 per dozen quarts. Still Wines, \$1.25 per gallon.

VERY OLD BRANDIES, RUMS AND WHISKIES.
Some of which we have owned ourselves
THIRTY YEARS.

Honest Madeira, \$3.50 per gallon; good value.
Sour Mash Whiskies, five Summers old, \$4 per gallon.
No other house can furnish Old Crow RYE.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
69 Fulton, 9 Warren, and Broadway and 27th st.

HALFORD
SAUCE.
THE GREAT RELISH.

The Art Age. Send 25 cents for sample copy. Forbes Photographures each issue. Turnure & Gilliss Brothers, 75 Fulton Street, New York. Mention LIFE.

"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES"

DISFIGURING HUMORS, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Eczema, Psoriasis, Scrofula, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 95 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "HOW TO CURE SKIN DISEASES."

SHARP, Sudden, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Rheumatic and Nervous Pains instantly relieved by **CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.** 25c.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST
PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK
ENGRAVING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATIVE AND ADVERTISING PURPOSES